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A
L E T T E R

T O

R. B. GABRIEL, D.D.

IN ANSWER TO

F A C T S

RELATING TO THE

REV. DR. WHITE'S BAMPTON LECTURES.

BY

A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR H. GARDNER, OPPOSITE ST. CLEMENT'S
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A
L E T T E R

T O

R. B. GABRIEL, D. D.

Esq. Esq.

REVEREND SIR,

YOU have been pleased at last to favor the public with your long promised, and universally expected, pamphlet on Dr. White; and amongst those who may stand forward to acknowledge your condescension, I flatter myself my observations will not appear either destitute of respect to you, or prostituted to calumny. To the professed character of the divine, you seem to have

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added

added the feelings of the man ; and while you appear, on your own declaration, anxious to vindicate your supposed injured reputation in the eyes of the world, you unfortunately sacrifice your professions of candor to the shrine of private resentment, and the dictates of the vindictive spirit. I am sorry the perusal of your *Facts* has made such an impression on the mind of an impartial reader ; of a person who not reluctantly will unsheath his sword in the defence of injured merit, or assaulted innocence, whether it be in Dr. White, or his antagonists.

Time is required finally to destroy the veil which covers the mysteries of superstition ; and it would be a dangerous attempt to extirpate, at one blow, the pageantry that commands the admiration and reverence of a bigoted nation in the moments of ignorance and barbarism ; but the present age affords a more peaceful scene ; and the hero, whose labours have been rewarded with the palm of victory, the Goliath of christian learning, is suddenly spoiled of his blooming honours, and defeated by the attacks of an insignificant

insignificant individual. Yet not so, Dr. Gabriel ; allow others time to examine facts as well as yourself, and do not presume to impose upon the public opinion, by a hasty intrusion of your prejudices and mercenary sentiments. The Bampton Lectures have gained too much celebrity, that the preacher should be forsaken on the first appearance of opposition, or that he should be condemned unheard, to the ignominy which your pen has attempted to throw upon him. It may be said, that your attack is too feeble, and too much the effusion of resentment, tempered with jealousy, to merit the attention of the public ; but we know that the historian mentions the little trochilus, because he accompanies the huge crocodile, and the astronomer speaks of the spots of the sun, because they obscure the disc of that luminary. So far your composition will be entitled to our observation ; and we will forget it is the production of a Divine, whose meekness ought to be exemplary, whose benevolence ought to be unbounded, and whose charitable sentiments ought to be expressed in the circles of society as much as they are

thundered from the pulpit. We must from beginning to end consider it as the production of a man of honour, whose feelings are of such delicate, such exquisite texture, that the smallest collision calls for the exertion of all its dormant powers, and whose resentment challenges the strongest as well as the feeblest antagonists.

There is a medium between candor and severity, which, if you had observed, might have rendered your accusation of Dr. White more respectable, if not more authentic; but to such rules Dr. Gabriel is a total stranger. Superior to common rules, he flies from the marks which decency ought to have prescribed him; and forgetful of his former professions of friendship, forgetful of his character, and regardless of the respect which he owes to the public in general as an individual, and now as a writer, he wields the weapons of vengeance without producing any sufficient proofs of provocation, and invites us to an entertainment prepared with malice, adorned with cunning, and seasoned with bitterness. There is little to be said in

in defence of such proceedings as these, Dr. Gabriel; they bear their own condemnation on their head; and not all the waters of the Atlantic would wash away the spot, the ignominious spot, which you have fixed upon your character.

I would not object so much to your appearance before the awful and impartial tribunal of the public, as to the manner in which you introduce yourself. Full of your own conceit, and proud of your titles and preferment, you rush forward to the crimination of a man who is as much an ornament to literature, as you are its disgrace; and who is as much the friend and the favourite of the public, as you are becoming its enemy and its abomination.

With the determined resolution to stigmatize the Arabic Professor, you begin to panegyrize his conduct, and tell us you possess as much veneration for his character, as is due to uncommon talents, and superiority of genius. We, most learned Doctor, we know, as well as yourself, how
much

10 A LETTER to

much Dr. White deserves the approbation of the world; and with what gratitude, I might perhaps add reverence, every thing is received that drops from his pen. Do not suppose you destroy any part of that great character he enjoys; he receives more additional splendor from your malevolent attacks; and among a croud we are sensible that the dog that barks, distinguishes his master more than he that fawns. Excuse the comparison; though I know if you resent it, it is a proof that it is just and applicable.

To say you "are not actuated by motives of ill will to Dr. White," is a piece of falsehood which the most candid and impartial perusal of your *Facts* will evince. Every page, and indeed every word, speaks loudly for itself; and the man who pleads necessity, and "the indispensable and honourable purpose of vindicating himself," most unerringly betrays a harsh and wanton design, to injure the reputation of the Professor.

I congratulate

I congratulate you, Dr. Gabriel, that you can say, not without honest pride, that your acquaintance are numerous and respectable. It is a piece of vanity, which few men perhaps, except yourself, would have betrayed; but we must suppose you deemed such information necessary for the public, that you might not be confounded with the herd of inferior writers; but unfortunately, public justice knows no such exemptions. I do not believe that those numerous friends, whose good opinion you tell us you have not only merited, but obtained, can rely much on the esteem of a person whose officiousness tends to such purposes, and who insinuates himself into the good graces of the world, merely to betray the confidence which is reposed in him. An acquaintance with such a character ought rather to be shunned than courted; for he little deserves the appellation of friend, or the name of the most distant acquaintance, who on the most trifling provocations, the most frivolous pretences, becomes the bitterest enemy; reveals what ought to be sacred, and canvasses half the kingdom to see whether he cannot find some

some like himself, equally resentful, equally invidious, to corroborate his malevolent assertions.

It was needless, Dr. Gabriel, to tell us you are not ambitious of being considered as a man of great learning; the world was long ago acquainted that, even should you be ambitious to shine as a writer, and to transmit your name to posterity for works of genius and refined literature, you were most materially deficient in abilities and that necessary stuff which a celebrated writer most emphatically styles "a sound under-
"standing." It is not easy to act the hero of the tale, but the most common attainments are not even requisite to perform the part of the fool: which of these two most becomes your character, your consciousness of your own abilities, or the specimens with which you have favoured us, will best intimate.

I should be sorry here to influence the decision of the public, when such incontestible
proofs

proofs of your performance are submitted to their judgment, their impartiality, and which will at last be branded with the merited censure of the whole kingdom.

The provocations which you say you have received are malevolent paragraphs in the papers, which you have collected with the most minute attention, more I presume from your vanity to say your name is mentioned with that of a Badcock, a Parr, and a White, than as a proof of injurious attacks. Believe me, Doctor, the newspapers, as far as I see from your quotations, are most faithful mirrors, in which you can behold your character drawn without flattery, and displayed with no degree of malice or misrepresentation. You certainly must be conscious of your own inabilities to please, and sensible of your indolence and shameful inactivity, when you suppose the author of the paragraph you quote (page 8.) applies the "heavy drone of the church" to you. The picture, if it be so, we must impartially confess to be excellent; it is drawn with such fidelity that

each trait is conspicuous, each word apposite, and each application fortunate.

You will no doubt excuse me, Doctor, if I say that the writers of all the paragraphs were actuated by no malice,—they were no secret assassins,—they carried no dagger with them,—nor, as you would believe, did they bring against your candour and veracity gross or cruel charges. You mistake their meaning; they have behaved with such tenderness, and have shewn so much delicacy towards you, that were you endowed with more generosity of mind, or with more liberal principles, I would almost flatter you by saying that the whole is an encomium upon your great virtues, and a tribute gratefully paid to your charitable and humane sentiments.

To tell you the truth, Doctor Gabriel, I long suspected, before you condescended to appear before the public, that at least some one of your friends, if not yourself, was the author of the letter you quote in the 16th page; and indeed now, upon a closer examination,

nation, I can declare that your note seems to say as much. Where is the man that will complain of the virulence, of the cruelty, of the inhumanity of his antagonists, and at the same time compliment them for their courteousness and liberal expressions? Yet Doctor Gabriel is the man—he talks of the polite and of the liberal manner with which he is treated, and by another effusion of pride and vanity, he tells us what is written by himself, or at least with his approbation, ought to be separated from slanderous paragraphs. Your hypocrisy, Dr. Gabriel, is as evident as your malevolence; and while you refer your reader from note to note, and page to page, with the intention, as you perfidiously insinuate, to omit every unhandsome expression, and as your errata mark, every unwelcome memento, relating to Dr. White, your illiberality is the more apparent, and your want of candor the more inexcusable. By concealing what ought to be revealed, you attempt to throw a greater, and if possible a more indelible stigma on the character of the Arabic Professor, and be-

tray the inveterate enemy under the garb of the compassionate friend.

I will supply what you have omitted in the letter that appeared in the General Evening Post, signed by "a friend to merit," and I am sure every one will be sensible that there is less slander in the words than every page of your pamphlet exhibits.—" If it be " so," continues the writer, " the latter " gentleman (Dr. White) has been guilty " of a literary imposture not less infamous " than that of Lauder, but the same success " has not attended both. Lauder became a " voluntary exile from his country, and perished abroad in poverty and oblivion; " Dr. White is rewarded as the supposed " author of the admirable sermons with dignity and opulence in the church.—If he " be so much indebted, as it is said, to the " celebrated Badcock, whose early death " genius and learning will very long deplore, strip him of his borrowed fame. If " you convict him of the charge, can he " read without blushing the following dedication of his book ?"

" To

“ To his Grace

J O H N M O O R E, D. D.

Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,

by whose advice the Author

originally commenced

his oriental studies,

and under whose patronage

he hath continued to pursue them,

this edition of a Work,

the result of those studies,

is respectfully inscribed,

by his Grace's,

most obliged and grateful servant,

JOSEPH WHITE.”

Forgive me, Doctor, if again I suspect the above-mentioned letter, with that you have transcribed from the Diary, is the effusion of your brain, or the production of one of those friends whom your officiousness retains seemingly devoted to your views. Your readiness to communicate what you have written, or the plans you have proposed,

posed, is so great and so remarkable, that even your warmest friends are astonished at your impudence, and lament that Dr. Gabriel should be the panegyrist of his own nonsense, and admire what is secretly exposed to ridicule by others with as much seriousness as the fond mother cherishes the deformed monster which all around deem hideous and unnatural.

The only mode which could possibly, in a limited sense, condemn, you have had sufficient foresight to adopt, and to the publication of Dr. White's Letters we are more indebted for the light we receive from the perusal of your *Facts* than from what your invidiousness has asserted, or your misrepresentations endeavoured to authenticate.

The reader, however prejudiced he may be by the innuendos and malignant reflections of the Rector of Hanworth, finds with pleasure, that the person whom the University appointed to preach the Bampton Lectures in the year 1784 is not unworthy of their choice. The friendship which
existed

existed between Badcock and the Professor, seems not, in spite of your insinuations, to have originated from the solicitations or importunate intrusions of the latter; and if we acknowledge that Dr. White was indebted to the Curate of South Molton for many sentences or even pages in his Lectures, we must confess that the assistance, however trifling, was unsolicited, the confidence mutual and the intercourse friendly. By procuring the appointment of preacher, Dr. White at least showed he was equal to the undertaking; and if he actually craved the assistance of Badcock, it was more to approve than polish, and more to criticise what was done than to compose. We are to admire him that planned, more than him who executed; and the taste and refinement of every age will recollect with gratitude the vastness of soul that planned the splendored edifice, while the labours of the workman however ingenious, are forgotten, and his efforts sink in oblivion. This is an assertion you cannot deny. The Letters of the Professor speak for themselves,

selves, and the most candid examination will discover, that far from being the author of the Bampton Lectures, Badcock merely assisted White in the composition of two or three of the sermons, and worked upon the materials, with which his friend had supplied him.

If Dr. White expressed his gratitude in warm terms, if he told his friend, that “with-
“out him the work could not have been
“produced, that all his prospects must have
“been for ever closed, and that to him he
“was indebted for the celebrity of the ser-
“mons,” we are to ascribe such sentiments to the fervor of friendship; and we must say, with you, “that his gratitude overpowered
“the suggestions of his judgment, and that
“he gave Mr. Badcock more praise than he
“seriously believed he deserved.”

He who is acquainted with you, Dr. Gabriel, will not hesitate to declare, that professions are in general warmer than they are intended, and that we ought to beware of him whose impudence panegy-
rize

rizes our character, and elevates our abilities : that in the moments of inattention, he may depress them with more success, and render our confusion more visible and irreparable.

It may be in me a failing of human nature,—it may be a timidity and distrust inherent in the mind of man ; but, Dr. Gabriel, I have ever been taught to consider panegyrics in an inveterate enemy, as a greater proof of perfidy, and I have always believed, that he who uses most dissimulation is employed in what I would call, in modern language, in finding a more genteel and polite way to cut my throat.

It would require more art than I imagine you ever possessed to cloathe your sentiments in the language of admiration, and to conceal from the world you are one of Dr. White's enemies, when you pretend to be actuated by motives of honour and self defence. Your real friends, if there are any beings of that denomination in the world, will not be insensible of the impro-

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priety

priety of your late conduct; and they will naturally suspect that the feelings of shame are blunted, the reproaches of conscience vanished, and the fear of punishment and retribution extinguished by the superior powers of impudence, the dictates of ill will, and the blindness of resentment.

It is well for the honour of the country, it is fortunate for the cause of literature, and for the defence of true genius, that there is alive in the nation a spirit of emulation, a beam of discernment, and a tincture of uncorrupted taste; and indeed should the Bampton Lecturer be abandoned in the present moment to the wild fury and extravagance of his enemies, there will arise from his fallen honours thousands to echo his praise, and pour the phial of indignation and contempt on those that, like you, think, they cannot be distinguished but by attacking merit, and censuring perfection.

The bounty of Providence has wisely ordained, that the first depravity of the heart
should

should have often to struggle with want of capacity, and be conquered by a deficiency of common sense, or else the meritorious might have as much reason as the illustrious Professor to complain of the tyranny of impertinence, and the galling yoke of illiberality and malevolence.

We have, Sir, to lament for your own sake you were not satisfied with the little consequence which nature or chance gave you; you might have lived the rest of your days in obscurity, and the indignation which now cannot but fall upon your ambition and jealousy, would have been unknown in the circles of life; and if you deserved any attention from the public, contempt would have been the only and the best of rewards, and disregard the greatest of favours. Your passions have now hurried you to exhibit in a more extensive theatre, and if the awkwardness which you betray, and the reluctance you wished to shield yourself with, begin to alarm your fears, and to awaken remorse, do not think that your exit will be so easy, or your at-

tempts so unnoticed, as cowardice might fondly hope. Something, Dr. Gabriel, must be paid for your temerity, and if you cannot gain the applause of those whom you flattered yourself to influence, at least you cannot be dissatisfied to receive what they deem due to your actions, public censure, and universal abhorrence.

It is in vain to tell us that the delay of your publication arose not from distrust, but from delicacy and tenderness to Dr. White; the world is sensible no such scruples existed within you, or else why should months of labour and toil be employed in the wonderful production of a pamphlet, which a perusal of two minutes condemns with indignation. What degree of light have you thrown upon the subject, or what assistance has the public received from the whispers of malice, and the insinuations of slander? It never was a profound secret that Badcock had seen Dr. White's Lectures, or that he had even assisted him in the composition; therefore it cannot be doubted but that
much

much impudence is required, and more haughtiness of heart, to tell the reader he was in darkness till you brilliantly rose in the horizon of learning, and that the clouds of ignorance which hovered round him have been dispelled by your matchless publication. It is taking great and unprecedented liberties with the judgment, the taste, and discernment of the public; and I know not what apology such an assertion could offer in its vindication, except we are told that arrogance knows no laws, and that the petulant and the vain too often claim an absolute dominion over the understanding of the learned, as well as over the suspicions of the misinformed.

The encomiums which you have been pleased to pay to Badcock, reverend Doctor, were needless; his reputation will never be established with more security, by your feeble efforts; and for you to pay him a compliment, is the same as if you added a drop of water to the unfathomable ocean.

Your

Your vanity, no doubt, extorted this tribute from your pen, and you wished your reader to know, that though you had abused the friendship of one of the ornaments of literature, yet the sudden and lamentable decease of the other had prevented your embittering that seeming acquaintance and familiarity which six months had not cemented, and yet scarcely begun. Had the celebrated Curate of South Molton no other advocate than yourself to eternize his merits, did his fame depend on your exertions solely, his name would soon be forgotten; the ignorance of the panegyrist would hasten the fall of his glory, and the genius of Badcock, were he to rise from his tomb, would shed a tear on the monument which covers his bones, and lament, with a sigh, that his epitaph was to be written by one of the sons of stupidity.

You cannot suppose that your readers will be apt to speak of the liberality of your sentiments, when you tell them that Dr. White
is

is a mere child, and even unacquainted with the ordinary affairs of the world ; and that with all his powers, and all his boasted attainments, he seldom attempts to excel or even to shine in conversation ; an accomplishment which you tell us, exultingly, was brilliant and remarkable in Badcock.

Surely, Doctor, to shine in conversation is no proof of superior genius ; and could I appeal to you with propriety, I would quote you as an instance. The sober contemplating mind, is not always ready to receive the sudden and vivid impressions of gaiety ; fullness of disposition, and not volatility and fickleness of mind, ~~is~~ the infallible characteristic of the philosopher ; and when we recollect that the immortal Newton was a child for his absence of mind, and the celebrated Johnson a bear for his awkwardness in company, and that he was domineering in his conversation, we are apt to laugh at the conclusion you wish to make, and that attempt to assert that the modesty and diffidence

dence of the Laudian Professor are proofs of his inability to write the Bampton Lectures. Such frivolous objections can never be admitted, and it is to be lamented that your partiality has carried you to make so absurd and unwarrantable a declaration.

Dr. White, you may well imagine, never intended his letters to the deceased Badcock for public criticism, much less to be examined by the officious and the slandering; but every page, nay, every sentence, and every word, indicate that vigour of mind, that perspicuity of expression and sublimity of thought, which constitute in the highest and most perfect degree the man of sense, the polite scholar, and the feeling christian. I have perused them with pleasure again and again, and the impression which the first reading made has been more deeply fixed by the second perusal. It would be useless to quote any one passage to illustrate this assertion; but the reader and yourself, Doctor, will excuse my partiality if I transcribe the following letter. It is addressed to

to Miss Badcock, and is dated Oxford,
May 28, 1788.

“ Dear Miss Badcock,

“ I have just read in the public papers,
“ with inexpressible grief, that your good
“ brother and my worthy friend is no more.
“ —Nothing could possibly have been a
“ greater shock to me, as I had just formed
“ (only a day or two ago) the plan of com-
“ ing into Devonshire as soon as term was
“ out, and of spending a fortnight with
“ him at South Molton in the beginning of
“ July. But human life, we all feelingly
“ know, is exposed to the most bitter disap-
“ pointments.

“ I most sincerely condole with you on
“ this melancholy occasion. You have lost
“ the best of brothers—I have lost a most
“ sincere and valuable friend—learning
“ has lost one of her brightest orna-
“ ments, and religion one of her ablest
“ defenders.

“ What adds particularly to my concern
“ is, that I have not been lately so punctual
“ a correspondent to your good brother, as he
“ had reason to expect; this matter I hoped
“ to have cleared up entirely to his satisfaction
“ in my visit in July; but, alas! it is
“ now too late.

“ I now take the liberty of requesting a
“ great favour from you. You know there
“ was a long correspondence between your
“ brother and me, in which some things
“ passed entirely of a confidential nature.
“ Might I request the favour of you to
“ collect together from his manuscripts, *all*
“ *the papers of every kind that are in my*
“ *hand-writing, and to keep them in your own*
“ *possession till the beginning of July, when I*
“ *shall be in Devonshire, and shall wait upon*
“ *you with whatever I possess belonging to*
“ *your brother. In doing this, you will*
“ *render me an infinite service.*

“ I request

DR. GABRIEL.

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" I request the favour of a line from
" you, addressed to me at Wadham Col-
" lege, Oxford,

" And am,

" Dear Miss Badcock,

" Your very obliged, and

" Most obedient servant,

" J. WHITE."

I have followed your example, Doctor, in using the Italics; but I only wish to learn, whether a person who is engaged in a good cause, who boasts of the integrity of his sentiments, and the uprightness of his conduct, would so far disgrace himself by envy and malevolence as to influence his judge by insinuations, and with the most pointed rancour distinguish those expressions and words which he vainly deems essential to the condemnation of his adversary. It is but a bad cause that is in need of such support; but perhaps you imagined that every liberty was allowable, every art excuseable which could be devised to destroy the reputation of the Professor, and to "strip him

of" what your friends or rather yourself call "his borrowed fame."

You have also adopted a very singular mode of speaking of the person who accuses you of stealing Badcock's Letters. Not satisfied to tell your reader that your feelings permit you not to mention his name, you add that this generous action of yours is "*in mercy*;" and, that the eye may pause upon the words, they are printed in *Italics*. You, however, recollected yourself, and apprehensive the reader should become forgetful of your generosity of heart, and of your great and gracious "*mercy*," you tell him; in your errata, he ought to read not "*in mercy*," but "*in mercy*." Such a mistake as this, Doctor, I cannot attribute to accident, it is undoubtedly the effect of design, and a more satisfactory proof of that spirit of malevolence which has dictated the whole performance.

I am far from doubting the authenticity of the letters of Dr. White, or of suspecting
that

that fraudulent measures have been used to obtain or publish them; but you will excuse me if I add, it is mysterious to me you do not tell the public where the originals can be perused, and in whose possession they are. It is an omission which will admit of no apology; never were letters published without a previous declaration of their authenticity, and a request to those that doubt to compare them with the originals.

I would advise you, Dr. Gabriel, to forbear extolling your own praises in the public papers; the impartial world will not be influenced by such meannesses, but they will rather suspect that those who have the bareface to assert you have written your pamphlet with the spirit of candor and of gentility*, are actuated by less generous and less noble motives than those of friendship and liberality. We know too well the depravity of the age, not to be sensible that the most

* Vide St. James's Chronicle of the 3d of November, and other papers.

upright

upright of characters are exposed to the darts of malevolence; and we cannot but suspect, that should the badness of your cause be in want of advocates or shameless supporters, you can have resource to the usual mode of defence, and, shielded under the name of an anonymous writer, dart the weapons of malice, and the shafts of virulence indiscriminately against the weakest as well as against the most powerful of your antagonists. Such an expedient you know, Dr. Gabriel, would not prove more disgraceful than the present mode you have adopted; and experience has already taught us, that to the wildness of despair, and the fury of disappointed envy, nothing appears too extravagant, nothing too arduous.

You have dwelt with particular pleasure on the conversation that passed between you and Dr. White, on the 28th June 1788, and you have advanced something that according to your own insinuations, does not redound much to the honor of the Professor, both as a man of honor, and as a clergyman. But, Doctor, we cannot decide

cide till Dr. White himself explains the whole more fully, for from you we cannot expect a satisfactory account. The language of bold effrontery, and the officiousness of pretended friendship, may often extort from the unthinking some improper expressions; and no doubt to such causes we are to attribute the warmth of the Professor. It was no positive refusal of payment, no illiberality of sentiments; and though you insinuate that you “found rather the sagacity of a “*well managing* attorney,” to use your own words, “than the simplicity of an academical “recluse, or the liberality of a gentleman,” we will not, like yourself, suspect Dr. White of want of honour, or suppose him lost to all principles of integrity. If your asperities obliged him to answer you with merited roughness, was it any reason you should deem yourself justified in exposing in the University what had passed in seeming confidence between you? This, which you deem a proof of dishonor in White, is in you the most convincing instance of your passionate temper and over-bearing conduct; and while
you

you glory in attacking the most sensible part of the Professor's character, you unfortunately, and unmeaningly no doubt, do but the more glaringly expose your weakness, betray your want of integrity, and call down upon your head the censure of the whole world.

The University, I may confidently assert, to one man, are sensible of the injury you have offered to Dr. White, the meritorious author of the Bampton Lectures; and, far from supposing, with yourself, he is guilty of meanness, they believe him deserving of every encomium, and rising, like the innocently accused maidens of antiquity, more virtuous, more amiable, and more admired from the fiery ordeal to which you have exposed him. Rather than censure or ridicule him for the diffidence which marks his character, and the negligence which attends his affairs with the world, all commend him; far from thinking these indelible vices and unpardonable faults, the public admire them, and like the passionate though judicious lover, that believes the mole on the lovely neck

neck of his mistress not a blemish but rather a beauty, they pay due reverence to greatness, and merited eulogiums to superiority of talents.

I am at a loss to conceive how you can answer not only for what you have produced, but for what you wish to produce. Can there be found, among those who may be your zealous friends, any one who will justify this expression, which occurs in page 81? —“I may not have told all that I know of another kind.” There is a meanness in it beneath the dignity of a clergyman; and however justifiable you may in delusion think your conduct, I am sure every one will acknowledge there is too much resentment in the expression to believe your proceedings honourable, and too much apparent depravity of mind to suppose you can be influenced with the rest of mankind, by liberality of sentiments, and integrity of intentions.

I have already spoken of your vanity, Dr. Gabriel, and indeed it may be of some ser-

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vice to your future conduct to enlarge a little more upon this favourite and conspicuous frailty of yours. Discipline you know metamorphoses the raw uncouth peasant into the nimble and alert soldier, and the bitterest liquors often become, by proper treatment and attention, sweet and palatable. Not satisfied to tell us in your first page you were Doctor in Divinity, (a once dignifying title, which we must confess is now as much prostituted to ignorance, as female beauty to the lust and wantonness of the debauchee) and that some years back you were Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, you continue imperceptibly to inform the reader of your great consequence. You talk of your parish church in Middlesex; and that the ignorant reader may not quietly conclude you are the rector of only one parish, you take care to date a letter from Harlington rectory, and further to inform him that the octagon chapel at Bath is yours; where, in that seat of elegance, pride and fashion, you tell us you deliver your discourses to a most respectable congregation, and where, as Pope says,

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"To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,

"Who never mentions hell to ears polite."

As to the bond found in Badcock's papers, every sound lawyer will tell you, Doctor, that White could not be forced to discharge it; and therefore it is no wonder your solicitations, and I may safely add, your threats, to oblige him to pay the money, incensed him to say in the warmth of passion, "you wished to pick his pocket."

Granting that the assistance the Professor received from his friend of South Molton was considerable, and even granting that Badcock expected to be rewarded in the most handsome and liberal manner by the Lecturer, no one will be ignorant enough to assert that £.500 were a merited recompence. Neither the most flattering prospects, nor the most hopeful and extravagant ambition, could induce Dr. White to suppose that the publication of his sermons could clear him £.500; and it would be offering the grossest insult to a man's sense and feelings to declare it was his intention to give

what actually was not in his power, and to pay what is neither lawful nor justifiable. We must therefore conclude, and we have the most evident and undeniable proofs to do so, that the bond of £.500 which Dr. White gave to Mr. Badcock, was not totally for services received, but rather for services to be received ;—and farther we must acknowledge, that generosity and a charitable disposition are as conspicuous in the Arabic Professor, as excellence of genius and eminent abilities, when we recollect that he does not scruple to pay the sum which he deems more due to the memory of his learned friend, and the distresses of his surviving family, than to the assistance or favours he received from his pen.

The melancholy death of Badcock may perhaps retard the publication of the Egyptian History, but we may indulge ourselves with the hope at least that the Professor will not so far sacrifice his abilities to indolence, as to neglect to shew the world his labors are not stopped by the decease of an individual,
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and that the Roscius of literature can act his part, or sing his melodious notes, without the assistance of the mute, or the accompaniment of the harpsichord.

It was a known maxim with the subtle Mazarine, the celebrated minister of Louis XIV. he used to say, that with any two lines of a letter he could, by means of a few circumstances attested by witnesses, prove any person guilty of treason, or even of the highest crimes, and deprive him of his existence at pleasure. You have, reverend Doctor, imitated the example of this crafty statesman, but not with so much success, though perhaps not through want of proper inclination. Very luckily, on the contrary, your production of White's letters has effected what your little foresight never apprehended; and the public, long misguided by your frequent misrepresentations and fallacious assertions in newspapers, as well as in private conversations, are at length happily enabled to remove the false colouring you had given to the Professor's character, and
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to judge from what they see, that he who can write so fluently, and yet so elegantly, deserves a better reward than persecution from the malevolent, illiberal remarks from the satirical, shrewd and impertinent insults from the pusillanimous and the ignorant.

It is far from my wish, Dr. Gabriel, to imitate your example, or to accuse you of plagiarism or imposition upon the world. In the scale of science your weight is too inconsiderable to command continued attention; and it would be but labor lost to seek for the rose amidst briars, or in the middle of a storm to speak of the stillness of the waves, or the serenity of the skies.

The depth of an *Œdipus* is not requisite to discover the character of your Facts, and to discriminate from beginning to end traits as discordant as they are fallacious. The impartial reader cannot withdraw his admiration from striking passages and elegant expressions which now and then burst out from among insipid pages, and a more awkward though much labored diction, like
flashes

flashes of lightning from a dark, lowering, and threatening sky. He who is acquainted with the manner in which your letters are in general couched, will easily recollect, if the idea did not strike him before, that the same insipidity, the same want of animation and of vigor, still are conspicuous in the Facts; and that the more brilliant parts, few as they are, proceed from the pen of a scholar who might have been better employed, and whose avocations, it is to be hoped, are of a more honorable nature than to swell the tide of malevolence, or increase the rapidity of envy and mean ambition.

There is no necessity to be more explicit on the subject, for fear your confusion become too great, and your shame inevitable; for I believe, to tell the truth, the ambition of being one of the little vulgar scribblers of the age, has operated upon you more powerfully in the mighty production of the Facts, than the desire to vindicate yourself, as you say, or to restore to Badcock the character which you tell us belongs to his abilities and eminent virtues.

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Your name, you need not be under any apprehensions, will not immediately sink into oblivion —without you, the scene that represents the Bampton Lectures cannot be called complete; and you may be assured, that however deformed you may be drawn, however hideous the representation, there will be no need of distinguishing the picture by a particular mark, or in imitation of the painter who feared the spectator should mistake the species or quality of his animal, of writing underneath "This is Dr. Gabriel." The memory of your celebrated publication will, you may flatter yourself, survive the present age; though I will not, for the honor of human nature, suppose that you can wish in your heart that it should be remembered.

There is not mentioned in the records of time, an age or country but what has passed the highest and most merited encomiums on the character that has exposed himself to dangers and insults for the cause of truth and justice; but who is there that speaks not
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with indignation and abhorrence of the man, who, clothed in the garb of sincerity and apparent zeal in defence of merit, gratifies his private appetites, and betrays the prosecutor and assassin, where he ought to appear the friend and the bulwark of virtue? I am far from ranking you with so hideous a monster, though I could wish you had not given such reasons for your friends to be dissatisfied, for your enemies to rejoice, and for the candid and the impartial public to censure your conduct.

If we do not attribute this unfortunate step of temerity to private pique or disappointed envy, we cannot find out words strong enough to express ourselves; and indeed the most desperate cause could not have opened the door to more resentment or more meanness.—In this attempt to tear away the wreaths of fame and superior excellence, which so well become the brows of the learned Professor, we cannot believe you to be actuated with the same spirit as the Indians are; who, as Lord Bathurst observed to

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the bench of Bishops, whose inveterate enmity was displayed in their prosecution of the celebrated Atterbury, supposed and believed they not only inherited the spoils; but even the qualities and all the virtues of any great man they killed in battle. No, Dr. Gabriel, we will not, we cannot imagine, you carried your views so far; for, even granting such superstitious belief were well founded, the world would soon acknowledge that White's abilities would decay by transplantation, and his blossoms wither away, like the blooming tree that loses all its fecundity when removed from a rich and fertilizing soil to a barren and solitary heath.

But after all, Dr. Gabriel, the world might be induced to forgive, though possibly not to forget, the odious attacks you have made on the literary as well as the moral character of the Bampton Lecturer, if by a recantation of what you have advanced, you would acknowledge the meanness of your conduct, and supplicate for pardon and pity from injured innocence. You ought surely

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to have foreseen there was something contemptible in your measures; and that the charges you produced against White, could never do him any mischief. While we expected discoveries important as well as interesting, we are as yet but too fully convinced, that merit has its enemies, and that you are one of this most daring and detestable tribe.

But perhaps you envy the dignities and independence of the Professor; and, dissatisfied with the little consequence you tell us you have acquired at Bath and in Middlesex, you wish to rise on the ruins of Dr. White, and adorn yourself with his spoils. This may be your ambition; but the degeneracy of the age is not so blind as to tolerate such impudence.

You speak of the college friends, whose good opinions you wish still to continue yours; but, believe me, the steps you have lately taken cannot ensure you many adherents. Your mother university, Dr. Gabriel,

is long ago sensible of the disgraceful conduct of a person she can no longer call a legitimate son; and were you present, she might testify to you more effectually her resentment and indignation. As for this it will suffice to say, that *there* no upstarts, no calumniators find countenance. With us, the name of Dr. Gabriel had been involved in obscurity; and now that he rises "a hideous shape above the horizon," we could wish, when we view him as a clergyman, he were to sink again into his natural inconsequence and merited oblivion. But alas! your pride, reverend Doctor, or more powerfully the indignation of the public, will forbid the fulfilling of this humane and christian wish.

It were well you had recollected, that in abusing the character of Dr. White, you offered the grossest and most unpardonable insults to the judgment and good sense of his patrons. We know, and we are confident, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as well as the Lord Chancellor, will not resent this affront; but

but do not forget that the child whom maladies or misfortunes attack, becomes dearer, and is more cherished by the fond and indulgent mother. You have, unintentionally no doubt, paid a compliment to the taste of these great and illustrious patrons; and while you wish to load with disgrace and dishonour the worthy object of their choice, you tell the public they are not only able but willing to recompense merit, and to crown with affluence the labours and undertakings of genius.

I will now take my leave of you, Dr. Gabriel; and, sensible as I am of the impropriety of your conduct, I will yet flatter myself so far, as to hope your blemishes will be corrected, and that you will acknowledge, that hurry of passion, and warmth kindled by opposition, instigated you originally to speak lightly and slanderously of the Arabic Professor's character and abilities; and that when once the assertions were made, and the report public, you deemed your reputation at stake if your charges were not proved,

proved, and your declarations corroborated, by any the most trifling evidence. Be satisfied with what you have done, and think not a second time to intrude upon the patience and forbearance of an indulgent public. Remember that the lion, when once roused, will spare neither friend nor foe; therefore, by what is already done, provide against the threats of calamity; and beware the wound that is already made becomes not incurable by obstinacy and improper treatment.

F I N I S.